

A Mustard-Seed Revival.

The Rev. William Denning paced up and down his study floor with his hands in his pockets, and his usually cheery countenance reflecting the beclouded condition of his spiritual sky. It was Sunday night, and his wife had curled up in his big chair to talk over the day's work.

"I must say," declared the minister, "that this is the severest test of faith that has ever come to me."

"Well, dear, is an untried faith more precious than gold?"

"Anna, you always persist in looking on the bright side."

"The bright side is God's side, Will."

"But, wife," continued he, turning on his heel and frowning gloomily, "just think, now, what had we to show today for four weeks of extra meetings? Haven't we both prayed and visited and pleaded with sinners as never before; and haven't I preached the straight Gospel truth to this people?"

"True, dear."

"And are not most of the church-members in a very good spiritual condition?"

"I think so."

"Then why, Anna, haven't we had a revival?"

"We have."

The minister stopped short in his nervous promenade and took her face in his two hands, and said: "How many probationers did we take in this morning?"

"Two."

"Who were they?"

"Little May Travers and Dr. Lacy's stable-boy, Joe Brown."

"Do you call that a revival?"

"I do."

Mr. Denning resumed his walk in silence, but after a few turns broke out once more.

"We've been praying for a genuine, old-fashioned, sweeping revival," said he, as the tears gathered in his eyes. "God only knows how I have longed to see it. I would give my very heart's blood for it. They tell us that times have changed, that emotional expression is not good form, that the old-time conviction of sin is out of date; but we know that the sin is the same, and the Holy Spirit is yet with us. I have entreated God for a revival that would shake the community and crowd our altars with penitents. We haven't had it, Anna. That little Travers girl is a natural-born angel, anyhow, and Joe—well, I'm glad to see anybody saved, but he is such a rough, ungainly specimen, and can hardly put two words together correctly."

"But, Will, he was soundly converted. I caught a glimpse of his plain, dull face when the light broke in and his potential self flashed out for a moment, and I know that there's a big, strong angel in that particular block of granite."

"Anna Denning, you're an enthusiast!"

"So are you, dearie, only you must needs pitch your tent under the juniper tree once in a while. 'What doest thou here, Elijah?'"

"But it's disappointing, Nan, to pour one's energies into a month's campaign, and—and—"

"And not have things turn out just exactly as we want them," she said smiling. "Now let me question you a bit."

"She arose and laid one hand upon his sturdy shoulder. 'Are we doing our very best for God?'"

"I trust so."

"Can we leave the results with Him?"

"Yes."

"Then do sit down while I bring you a cup of hot milk; and we will praise God for little May and Joe Brown."

The minister's brow cleared, and as his wife went down the stairs she heard him humming his favorite tune. It was twenty-five years later, and the Rev. William Denning and his wife sat once more in the same study, but this time as the beloved guests of the resident pastor. They had just returned from an evening service in the dear old church. The large auditorium had been crowded with earnest, eager listeners. The power and glory of God filled the sacred place. Tears mingled blessedly with shouts, and the sound of precious old hymns gladdened the souls of the saints.

"This is the fourth week of these meetings," said the Rev. Joseph Brown, the young and eloquent and Spirit-filled pastor, to Mr. Denning, "and still the work surges on."

"Who is that marvelously sweet soprano singer?" asked Mrs. Denning. "The unconverted just flocked to the altar after her appeal in song."

"Why, mother," replied Mrs. Brown, "don't you remember little May Travers, that joined the church with Joe? She's Mrs. Hartwell now. She developed a glorious voice, and has studied abroad. She has had great inducements offered her to join operatic companies, but she is such a whole-hearted Christian that she only sings for Jesus. She gave herself to Him when she was a little girl, before anyone knew about her voice. She's a great help to us, isn't she, Joe?"

"Yes; she's a host in herself," replied the pastor. "She has won many souls."

"William," said Mrs. Denning, turning a glowing face to the noble man at her side, "do you remember one Sunday night, in this very room years ago, when we counted up our probationers with a good deal of heart-ache?"

"Yes, Anna, I remember it well. I had the blues terribly that night."

"We almost felt as if God had not answered our prayers, children, but He had."

"We didn't know God's arithmetic, little wife," said Mr. Denning, taking her hand gently in his own. "We only counted two, but God saw hundreds."

And at the family altar that night the sowers and the reapers rejoiced together, and offered up humble praise to God, who giveth the increase.—(Christian Advocate.)

The Young People

EDITOR, J. B. MORGAN.

Kindly address all communications for this department to Rev. J. B. Morgan, Aylesford, N. S. To insure publication, matter must be in the editor's hands on the Wednesday preceding the date of the issue for which it is intended.

Prayer Meeting Topic—April 2.

B. Y. P. U. Topic.—The birthday of hope, 1 Pet. 1:1-9.

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"The Birthday of Hope," 1 Pet. 1:1-9.

(An Easter Meeting.)

This epistle is addressed to the Jews of the Dispersion, those scattered abroad throughout the various countries of the East. It suggests the thought of the common bond of our common hope as witnessed in the widely scattered churches of the New Testament times, and in all succeeding ages and in all lands down to our present day.

The "Birthday of Hope" referred to in our title is literally our own new birthday, for the passage speaks of our being "begotten again unto a living hope." Notice the vigorous imagery of the New Testament,—vigorous, yet not too strong for the description of the mighty changes wrought by Christianity in the human life and in all human history. Death and life are the expressions most commonly used in the New Testament to describe the absoluteness of the transition from the old life to the new. The term "rebirth" or regeneration is commonly associated with the one preëminent change in the human soul when God's Spirit implants the new life therein; but it is also used at times to characterize other phases of the same great change. In this passage the figure of a new birth is used to characterize the change of attitude and outlook occasioned by the fact of the resurrection. It was a change so marked as to deserve to be called a rebirth, a birth from dead despair to a living hope.

The radical character of the Christian experience is too much belittled in our day. It is often treated, not as a death and a rebirth, but simply as the moving over into an adjoining district, or perhaps not even that, but the mere annexing of Christian experience as a new department of our life, which general moves on much as before. This minimizing of the momentous change involved in a Christian experience accompanies, partly as result and partly as cause, the widespread departure from New Testament usage as to the form and subjects of baptism. The original character of baptism as a radical act is one of the strongest arguments for its maintenance in its original form, which sets forth visibly the momentous change from death to life.

The real significance of the resurrection of Christ in the thought and life of the church are difficult for us to appreciate. We need to project ourselves in imagination back to the first resurrection day in order to realize how all life was utterly transformed in character and outlook by the fact of the resurrection of Jesus. The twenty-fourth chapter of Luke will need to be re-read to refresh our minds as to this tremendous effect. The hope of the disciples after the resurrection was a dead hope. The language of the two on the way to Emmaus expresses this distinctly by the use of the past tense: "But thenceforth it was for those and all his disciples what this passage terms it, 'a living hope.' Common life is filled with dead hopes, or with hopes short-lived and feeble. We are buffeted back and forth between anticipation and disappointment. But the hope expressed in the resurrection of Jesus is a living hope, an eternal hope.

The stress of this tremendous thought is never relaxed throughout the New Testament writings. In all of the stirring story of the Acts it is this which is the motive of the gospel message. "Christ is not dead; he is alive, and we are his witnesses." The epistles, although some of them reach in date far into the late years of the first century, never lose sight of nor minimize this living hope. "It is a hope 'guarded through faith,' an invisible but sufficient safeguard for that precious hope. For resurrection day points backward to Christ's and forward to our own resurrection.—Baptist Union.

Look at Your Watch!

Here you see three kinds of workers. There is the second-hand, a rapid worker; there is also the minute-hand, working at a much reduced rate of speed; and the hour-hand, slow as time, as we say. And one who did not understand the mechanism of a watch would conclude that that busy little second-hand was doing all the work, and the attention of the whole world would be called to this busy worker. They would say, "Look at that slow minute hand, that little second-hand worker flies around sixty times to his once; and as for that slow old hour-hand, you can hardly see him move at all—he is a back number sure."

These three kinds of workers are well represented in

the ministry, in the church and in the B. Y. P. U.'s of today. There are pastors in our churches so busy they can hardly find time to visit the sick or bury the dead, much less comfort the mourner. They seem to be doing about all the religious work of the community. So with your watch, as seen at a superficial glance, that busy little clicker of a second-hand would seem to be keeping all the time the watch is capable of keeping and should it be removed there would be no time kept. So it is with some of our workers. With which one of these workers can we dispense with the least? "The old hour-hand worker!" shouts a score of Juniors. "Yes, and the minute-hand worker too," says the active B. Y. P. U. member.

Let us try these various workers by the act of utility or accomplishment. Bluster and hello are not work. Now Mr. Second-hand will you please tell me the time of day? "O I cannot stop to tell you the time, I am too busy. I must go round my dial sixty times an hour." Let him go around his dial sixty times an hour, and sixty years at the same rate, and he could not tell you the true time. Mr. Minute-hand, you seem to have time to speak when we meet at least, will you please tell me the time of day? "Yes, it is just twenty-five minutes after . . . Well, you see I do not keep the hours, I am a minute-hand worker." How am I to find out what hour of the day I am in? "O you will have to ask old Ancient," (shout the busy second-hand as it flies by on its busy round of sixty times an hour), "he seems to have plenty of time to speak to all and do his work beside." Yes, and when the day closes he is as far ahead as any of you, beside having admonished us to diligence, as he spaced the hours on the dial and called out each one's number. What should we do without the slow, steady old hour-hand workers to tell us the time?

Lesson: *Prodesse quam conspici*: "Better to be than seem to be."—Better to do than to seem to do. "Young men for war, old men for counsel." It is well and wise to have all the seconds and all the minutes kept, but we stand in great need of the slow old hour-hands to tell us when we have enough minutes piled one upon another to make an hour, and what hour of the day it is. What kind of reckoning would we keep without the hour hand—worth all beside? A well equipped watch needs all three hands. A well equipped church has a place for these three classes of workers. But let not the fast despise the slow—nor the young the old. God hath need of all.

G. R. WHITE.

Among the Societies.

B. Y. P. U. KEMPT, N. S.

The following officers were recently elected for the ensuing term: President, Maurice Freeman; Vice President, C. E. Allison; Secretary-Treasurer, Miss Mary Freeman; Corresponding-Secretary, F. M. Christopher. Our meetings are not as well attended as we would like, but we are not discouraged. God has done great things for us in the past and we feel that with our efficient President and the hearty co-operation of the officers and committees and the united help and prayers of the brothers and sisters our Union will be enabled to do greater work for the Master.

Since you last heard from us two have left the ranks of the associate and joined the ranks of the active members. We have an interesting S. L. C. class under the leadership of our pastor, and expect good results. We are praying that God may awaken us to a sense of our duty that we may be up and doing while it is called today before we are called to lay our armour down. May we all have the true spirit of the Master is our prayer.

F. M. CHRISTOPHER, Cor. Sec'y.

NORTH BROOKFIELD, N. S.

Since our last report, our pastor, Rev. G. C. Crabbe, has removed from our midst and taken up his residence in Pleasant River, a town about four miles from here. We miss him very much indeed, especially in the prayer meetings. His position as leader of S. L. C. class has been given to our Vice-President, Nellie M. Bars, who is one well fitted for such a position. Our Union has not much progress to report, or at least not as much as we would like to. But we know that we are the blessed of the Lord. Let us therefore "watch to hear what He will say." For at His word shall we go out and at His word shall we come in. He shall direct our paths, He shall cover us with His feathers and under His wings shall we trust.

ELLA M. MAGER, Cor. Sec'y.

March 19.

BEDFORD, P. E. ISLAND.

Our B. Y. P. U. is not often reported through your columns and so we thought it wise to send a short report. Our meetings have not been very well attended but we are glad to say we are still in the land of the living. Our meetings are held on Thursday evenings, although small in number we feel we have God's blessing. We have a very intelligent and influential leader, our pastor, Rev. W. H. Warren. Our meetings are very interesting, we are studying the S. L. Course, we have 54 active, associate and honorary members. We would ask our sister societies to remember us at a throne of grace, that God's richest blessing may rest upon us and clothe us with humility, that we may be true-hearted Christians.

A. W. SCHURMAN, Sec'y.

March 9.